

Song of A Vagabond

Huntfman

by

Charles Lever.

Pictur^ed by

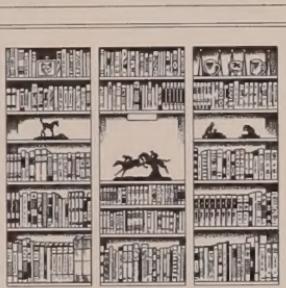
William A. Sherwood.



NEW YORK.

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The Vagabond Huntsman



Song of
A Vagabond Huntsman

Words By
Charles Lever
Pictured By
William Anderson Sherwood



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1900

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by
Robert Howard Russell



For the Enlightenment of the Reader.

THOSE people who have read Charles Lever's amusing novel "Jack Hinton, the Guardsman," will at once recall the subject verses of these illustrations as being taken from the favorite song of "Tipperary Joe," which, with an artist's license, we have rechristened "The Song of a Vagabond Huntsman."

Tipperary Joe was a demented but harmless vagrant, always to be seen at fairs, horse races and fox hunts.

There was seldom a meet of the hounds at which he was not present, and he made himself so useful on those occasions that he became a general favorite with sporting men and fox-hunting gentlemen throughout Ireland.



NEVER yet owned a horse
or hound,

I never was lord of a foot
of ground;

Yet few are richer, I will be bound,

Than me of a hunting morning.



William Wetherwoode
48

 'M far better off nor him that
pays,

For though I've no money, I
live at my aise,

With hunting and shooting whenever
I plese,

And a tally-high-ho in the morning.



IR PAT bestrode a high-bred
steed,

And the huntsman one that was
broken-kneed,

And Father Fitz had a wiry weed

With his tally-high-ho in the morning.



S I go on foot, I don't lose
my sate,

As I take the gaps, I don't brake
a gate;

And if I'm not first, why I'm seldom
late,

With my tally-high-ho in the morning.



HOUGH I love a fox in a
cover to find,

When the clouds is low, with a sou-
west wind,

Faix, a pretty girl is more to my mind

Than the tally-high-ho of a morning.



William C. Sherwood '98

 ND just show me one with
an instep high,

A saucy look, and a roguish eye,

Who'd smile ten times for once she'd
sigh,

And I'm her slave till morning.



William C. Sherwood
98

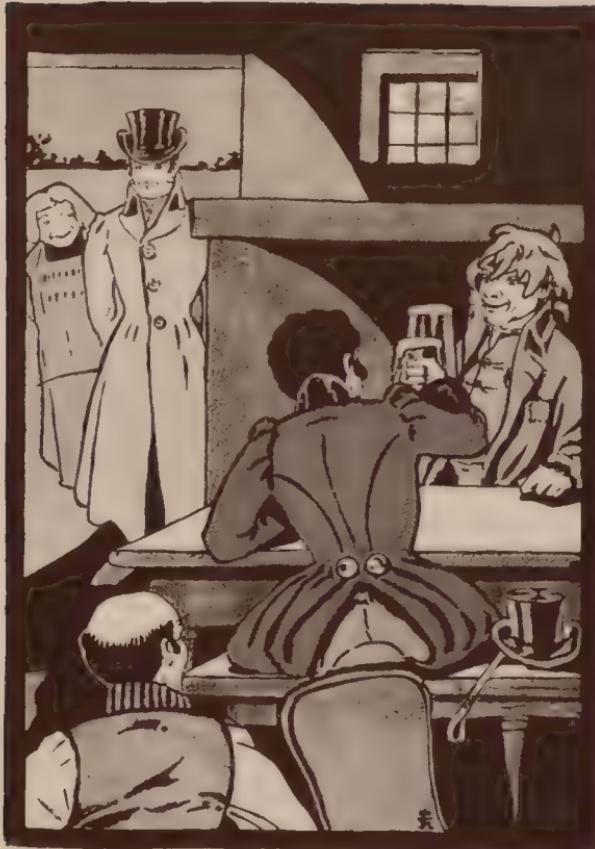


ND there's not a man, be he
high or low,

In the parts down here, or wherever
you go,

That doesn't like poor Tipperary Joe,

With his tally-high-ho in the morning.





RR